

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 47—No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

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THE CHORAL SOCIETIES' DIRECTORY  
FOR 1869.

THE Compilers of this work (the first number of which will appear in a few weeks) beg respectfully to solicit from the Secretaries of the various Choral, Philharmonic, and Oratorio Societies throughout the United Kingdom a short statement of the following facts:—

Name of Society;  
Number of Members;  
How long Established;  
Names and Addresses of Secretary, Treasurer, and Conductor;  
Number of Concerts given during the Past Year, and the Music performed at each;  
Annual Subscription payable by Members;  
And a List of Choral and Orchestral Music belonging to the Society.

Also, the Names and Addresses of Vocalists and Orchestral Players of Ability, residing in the Town.

This information will be properly classified and inserted in the Directory free of charge.

The Price of the work will be, to Contributors of Information as above, and to Subscribers, One Shilling; to the General Public, Half-a-Crown.

Communications should be addressed, without delay, to the Publisher of the "C. S. Directory," at Mr. Bowering's Publishing Office, George Street, Plymouth.

THE CHORAL SOCIETIES' DIRECTORY.—It is particularly requested that the information solicited in the above Advertisement be forwarded without delay, in order that the work may be produced during the current month. Intending Subscribers are also requested to remit thirteen stamps to the Publisher. The Subscription List will close on the 31st inst.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing on Monday next at the Monday Popular Concerts, and, at the end of the month, in Scotland, and can accept Engagements en route.—64, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.  
THIRD SEASON.

AT the THIRD CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, the following Artists will appear:—Miss Louisa Pyne (Mrs. Frank Rodda) and Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Mrs. Hale, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Charles Henry, and Mr. Winn. Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductor—Mr. J. L. Hatton. The programme will include some of the best specimens of Glees and Madrigals, Old Songs and Ballads; and a Selection of entirely New Vocal Music, written expressly for these concerts by the principal English composers.  
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President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

THE Academy will RE-OPEN (after the Christmas Vacation), on MONDAY NEXT, the 18th inst. Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution, on Mondays and Thursdays, at Eleven o'clock.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will recommence her Pianoforte Recital Tour in the Provinces on the 3rd February. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 26, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing the renowned Song by BENEDICT, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Myddelton Hall, on Friday next, January 22nd.

MISS MARIAN ROCK will play E. SAUERBREY'S new Transcription of "LORELEY," at Westbourne Hall, Baywater, on Thursday, January 28th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing the Duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from OFFENBACH'S popular Operetta, *Litschen and Fritschen*, at Plymouth, February 3rd.

MR. AND MADAME PATEY are free to accept Engagements during the present month.—9, Burghley Road, Highgate Road, N.W.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS (Tenor) requests that all letters relative to Engagements for Oratorios and Concerts be sent to his residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing the Tenor Music in the "STABAT MATER," SULLIVAN'S song, "THE SNOW LIES WHITE," and Duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," with Miss ROBERTINE HENDERSON—at Plymouth, February 3rd. Mr. BAYLIS can accept engagements en route.—78, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired song, "THE MESSAGE," at Bristol, February 1st.

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## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Observer," Jan. 10.)

Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim made their first appearance for the season at last Monday's Popular Concert, the best in every respect of the present series. The incomparable Hungarian violinist has been engaged for all the remaining concerts, so that until Easter we shall have the satisfaction of hearing the noblest violin music in existence performed in the noblest possible manner. That the audience of the Monday Popular Concerts were fully sensible of their privilege was evidenced by the heartiness with which they applauded Herr Joachim as he stepped upon the platform, and the earnest attention which they gave to the work in which he first took part. This was Mozart's quartet in C, in every bar of which is to be found evidence of the unparalleled powers of the most highly gifted by nature of all composers. For the *andante*, as grand a movement as any to be found in the whole library of chamber music, Mozart himself had a decided partiality, evidenced by his recorded fancy to have it played in his presence by wind instruments; but from beginning to end the work is a perfect masterpiece, never to be heard without renewed pleasure. Herr Joachim appeared to exercise some strange influence upon his partners, for they have never played more carefully or more successfully; and, indeed, the quartet has never, even at these concerts, had a more worthy interpretation.

Madame Arabella Goddard chose for her *entrée* Schubert's sonata in D, which has only once previously been played at the Monday Popular Concerts, and then several years ago. To all intents and purposes, therefore, it was a novelty. The work is long—two of the movements, indeed, may be reproached with excessive length; but for our own part we would not lose a note of music that is so fresh, melodious, and captivating as this. If Schubert shuns a full close it is because each theme, no less than every subject that grows out of it, suggests other melodious thoughts which the composer had not the heart to thrust on one side, and which no sympathetic listener could wish away. Only in Beethoven can a parallel be found to the wealth of musical imagery with which this exquisite tone picture is filled. It may be because so long a time has elapsed since Madame Arabella Goddard has been heard in the metropolis that we were on Monday so much impressed by her magnificent playing. But whatever the cause, it is certain that to our thinking the gifted lady has never so completely vindicated her claims to be considered the most accomplished pianist of the day. Without at all detracting from the merits of many of her rivals, we think it right to place her supremacy on record in the most unequivocal terms, seeing that systematic attempts have lately been made to depreciate her incontestable powers. The general public, however, are always right in the long run, and on Monday they abundantly vindicated their privilege of deciding in the last instance on the merits of those who seek their suffrages. The increasing applause that after most eloquent silence marked the conclusion of each movement, and the eagerness with which the fair pianist was at the end of the work summoned back to the platform, sufficiently denoted the gratification of an unusually critical audience. Never, indeed, has Madame Arabella Goddard laboured more assiduously or more successfully than on this occasion. The precision of her playing in the fiery and impetuous opening movement, the dignified grandeur with which she interpreted the remarkable *andante*, and the fairy-like grace with which the *scherzo* and its captivating trio were rendered, could not be too highly praised. The irreproachable execution, the artistic completeness, and the utter absence of exaggeration that mark Madame Goddard's playing, give her an unquestionable superiority over all her rivals. She joined Herr Joachim in an admirable rendering of Beethoven's sonata in G; and the programme was closed by Haydn's quartet in B flat, one of the finest of the eighty-three with which the indefatigable composer endowed the world of music.

Miss Edith Wynne was the singer of the evening, and she gave Mr. Benedict's "I know a song," and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute," in her most expressive and artistic style, the first-named gentleman playing the accompaniments as he only can.

(From the "Sunday Times," Jan. 10.)

When Mr. Arthur Chappell has given his ante-Christmas entertainments we feel as though the prologue had been spoken and the real business of the drama was about to commence. An end is then put to makeshifts, however admirable, and to experiments, however successful, for the old and accepted favourites—the artists who have borne the "burden and heat" of Monday popular labours for years—return to a public who have learned to love them. Two of these artists appeared on Monday last, and, in connection with the *entrée* of Arabella Goddard and Joseph Joachim, this was the programme:—

Much that might be said about the foregoing works must be reserved, so strong on the one hand is the purely personal interest attached to

the occasion, and so imperative on the other are the claims of one item in particular. The first appearance of Herr Joachim is always a special event for more than a single reason. We have remarked before, what we must now point out again, that, probably, no artist ever succeeded in making himself personally so great a favourite as this Hungarian violinist. It is not alone that he plays better than any other professor of his instrument, or that he is the source of pure and refined pleasure in a more than common degree. It is also, and herein lies the unique feature of the case, that Herr Joachim impresses all who see him, even for the first time, with those finer traits of a great artist which consist in modesty as regards himself, reverence as regards his composer. To Herr Joachim's audience there may for the nonce be nothing greater than Herr Joachim, but to the object of their admiration there is nothing so great as the art he expounds. It is this obvious shrinking back from the first place—a feature powerful in proportion to its rarity—that accounts for Herr Joachim's hold on public affection quite as much as the charm of his unequalled playing. The welcome of Monday night was unmistakable in its reality. As the well remembered face appeared the hall rang with plaudits, and we cannot but think their object fortunate that the scene was laid out of America. Otherwise a "reception" would have been insisted upon, and Herr Joachim disabled for a week by hand-shaking. Need we say that the accomplished violinist played as well as ever—better than ever has long been impossible to him—or that each listener felt that supreme satisfaction which only a perfect thing can give. But the same audience had the pleasant task of welcoming another popular favourite, and did it with so much heartiness that our friend the Slasher will be driven to his wit's end—by no means a great distance—for a reason other than positive merit. Having small fear of the Slasher before our eyes, and partaking in no degree of any prejudice against English talent, we say that Madame Arabella Goddard was received as she deserved. Our countrywoman has fairly earned her position, and whenever she appears before an audience the homage paid her is no more than due. But even if the fair pianist of Monday night could have claimed only the conventional greeting of an aspirant she would have left the platform an established favourite. As is so frequently the case, she appeared with a novelty—the sonata of Schubert—having been played only once before at these concerts, and that ten years ago. Madame Goddard's choice was wise for several reasons. The sonata itself, like so many of the composer's works, is entrancing. Like the "wedding guest," only without any disposition to run away, we are spell-bound till the end is reached. This is the case, moreover, in spite of obvious defects. But the prattle of a child, while one of the most engaging things on earth, is, strictly judged, often inconsequential and illogical. We do not care to put Schubert through a severely critical test, and say to the finest point in what he is defective. To do so would be unjust to his peculiar genius. Enough for us that so long as he speaks we cannot choose but hear, so great is the charm of his divine gifts. Madame Goddard gave a most loving interpretation to the sonata. She had evidently made herself familiar with its minutest detail not less than with its general scope, and the result was a rendering absolutely perfect. Thus favoured, the work made its utmost impression. But the variety it embodies justified Madame Goddard's choice quite as much as the beauty we have indicated. The performer was enabled to display the strongest points in her executive ability. The opening *allegro*, a movement full of fire and energy, the *con moto*, one of those heavenly slow movements which place Schubert next to Beethoven among writers for the piano; the charmingly animated *scherzo*, and the jocund *finale*, each showed a phase in Madame Goddard's versatility. It was hard to say which she played best, or whether the grave or gay, the lively or severe, found her most at ease. As a matter of course she was summoned back to the platform in acknowledgment of so remarkable an exhibition of intellectual and executive power.

We could say much more of this memorable concert—of Beethoven's sonata especially, after playing which Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim were twice recalled—but the foregoing must satisfy even those of our readers who having been present, could tolerate a description much more full.

(From the "Queen," Jan. 9.)

The sixth concert of the eleventh season, on the 4th inst., was signalized by two events, either of which would have sufficed to fill St. James's Hall, but which combined caused an overflow. The first appearances this season of Joachim (the emperor of violinists) and of Mme. Arabella Goddard (the queen of pianists) evidently created a more than ordinary sensation in musical circles. The hall was a sight to see, filled as it was in every part. Those amateurs who are curious in watching the physiognomy of large assemblages had ample field for observation and study; it was impossible to mistake the keen appreciation of the musical masses, those shilling attendants at the Monday Popular Concerts, whose studies in classical chamber composition are



yearly progressing—thanks to the spirit evinced by Mr. Arthur Chappell, the director, who, whilst he supplies the best music, takes special care that it falls into the hands of the highest class executants. Mozart's string quartet in C major opened the "ball" last Monday night, the entrance of Joachim when recognized, eliciting a cordial burst of welcome. The great Hungarian artist is physically much changed, for it was difficult at first to identify in the bearded face and broad form the once slight figure and smooth countenance of Mendelssohn's pet violinist. But if Joachim comes back more solid in his outer man, he also shows that the intellectual capacity of the artist has grown with his growth. It is utterly impossible to exaggerate in language the mental power, as well as executive skill, with which he performs the works of the great masters. Every note seems to be instinct with intelligence, every tone to be imbued with acute sensibility. His certainty of intonation, the almost violoncello breath of the tones he extracts from his instrument, and the poetic colouring of his text, render his playing, on the whole, unrivalled. In the first movement of the quartet, one of the set dedicated by Mozart to Haydn, Joachim attacked the intricate passages of the first movement (the precursor of the frightful combinations of Beethoven's posthumous quartets) with wonderful precision; and ably seconded he was by his coadjutors—Herr Ries, second violin; Henry Blagrove, viola; and Piatti, violoncello. The *Andante cantabile* in F major, the *minuetto*, and the *finale*, were all executed with earnestness by the artists, whose recall at the close was attended with hearty demonstrations of high gratification from the vast auditory. Miss Edith Wynne next appeared to sing Benedict's ballad, "I know a song," with a purity of style and a tenderness worthy of all praise, but resisting the encore, her non-compliance with which was really to be regretted. Next was the second sensation of the evening—the advent of M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard, to play Schubert's sonata in D major, Op. 53. The cordial reception of the fair pianist seemed to inspire her with a determination to surpass all her previous performances of abstruse sonatas. A more intellectual and poetic reading of a most difficult composition cannot be conceived; for, whilst the player rendered with marvellous skill the exceptional combinations of the gifted composer, she gave to the entire interpretation a colouring unparalleled in one quality—that of extreme delicacy. Indeed, the *adagio*, and passages of the *rondo*, were absolutely sung on the pianoforte with the *mezzo voce* of the most refined vocalist. The united power and brilliancy exhibited throughout the sonata held the hearers entranced, despite its diffuseness; for the slow movement, affected by its extreme length and by its iteration of one pervading theme, and the *scherzo*, by the continuation of the use, or rather abuse, of the syncopated accent, are somewhat monotonous, lacking contrast. Schubert, however, is not to be dismissed summarily with the experience of a first hearing, and familiarity with his masterly productions will, no doubt, be followed by modifications of early impressions. It must, however, be borne in mind that Arabella Goddard's are not to be found every day, and what would the sonata be without her delicate manipulation? Only imagine a performer with a hard touch and a heavy style attacking this "zweite grosse sonate," described by the enthusiastic Schumann as "herlich." The amateurs desirous of comprehending the inner workings of this sonata are recommended to read the able analysis written by the erudite writer of the analytical programme issued by Mr. A. Chappell. It is scarcely necessary to record what may be surmised from our remarks about the execution of the sonata—that M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard met with enthusiastic plaudits at the close, and was recalled to the platform. No artist merits more the high position she now occupies as a pianist of the first class. Commencing as a mere showy player of fantasias, she has worked her way up to the pinnacle of executive excellence in all schools. It is absolutely imperative, on all critics of independence in the emission of their opinions, most emphatically to recognize her paramount powers; and the leading writers of the daily journals have not failed to do this pianist the justice she so amply merits, but which is denied to her in some rare instances, because her husband is the musical critic of the —, from which all praise of her playing is studiously excluded. No space has been left to us to describe the coalition of M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim in their splendid performance of Beethoven's sonata in G, Op. 96. Miss Edith Wynne, accompanied by Mr. Benedict, having sung charmingly Mr. A. Sullivan's elegant song "Orpheus with his lute," the programme wound up with Papa Haydn's string quartet in B flat minor, Op. 64—a glorious termination to a glorious concert.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—In last week's number of the *Musical World*, I observe under the heading: "Music received for Review," *Handel's System of Music*. I shall feel highly delighted if you review the book as emanating from the great Anglo-German composer, but, at the same time, beg to state that it is the production only of one of his most humble admirers, namely, dear Sir, of your obedient servant,

Kneller Hall, Hounslow, Middlesex.  
Jan. 12th, 1869.

C. MANDEL.

GENOA.—*I Vespri Siciliani* has been most successfully produced at the Carlo Felice.

## HENRY SMART AT LEEDS.

(From the "Leeds Evening Express.")

Any one who has the slightest knowledge of Mr. Henry Smart's compositions would not be surprised at the great interest exhibited by connoisseurs in the concert on Saturday night, when some twenty pieces from that distinguished musician's pen were performed. A more appreciative and pleased audience has never before been gathered together at Leeds. It is regarded as an honour to the town that Mr. Smart has allied himself to it by frequent visits, and by the devotion of his great constructive abilities in designing our splendid Town Hall organ, in conjunction with Dr. Spark. As a composer, there is no English musician of the present day who can surpass Mr. Smart in the thoroughness which characterizes everything he does. Whether it be a ballad like "Go, whispering breeze," a work like his Service in F, or an organ piece like his *Andante* in C, conscientiousness is plainly visible in each. If Mr. Smart had laid himself out for present popularity at the sacrifice of his art, there is not a scribe in the musical world could have surpassed him. Too many have readily fallen into this debasing position, and have helped to deteriorate that art which should always be of an elevating and a refining character. If all writers for the concert room and for the home circle had for years past exhibited the same spirit as Mr. Henry Smart, good music would by this time be far more appreciated than it is amongst English people. There is nothing wanting in Mr. Smart's compositions to meet the varied tastes of those who can either perform or be pleased with genuine music. His part-songs are models of pure writing, and are brimming over with attractive melodies. This was made evident on Saturday night from the very warm manner in which the part-songs, "Nature's Praise," "The Shepherd's Lament" (encored), and "Stars of the Summer Night" were received. The songs were equally successful; indeed, it is difficult to select from the programme any one or two pieces for especial praise, because every separate composition has its individuality and beauty. As varied as are the words selected by Mr. Smart, his music is not less so, and no one has ever succeeded in telling a little story better by the aid of sweet sounds. How charming is "The Sailor's Story," written for a bass voice; how pathetically described the convent life of "The Abbess." It is impossible to listen to these without imbibing the spirit of the composer. They go straight to the heart, and make an abiding impression there. The selection from his Service in F for the English Church served to exhibit Mr. Smart's talent as a church composer. Avoiding the monotony of Gregorianism on the one hand, and the bald, untuneful writing of Aldrich, Gibbons, Creighton, &c., on the other, Mr. Smart has succeeded in producing a Service which cannot fail to become popular amongst church choirs of ability. The performance of the pieces on Saturday night was, in nearly every respect, admirable. There was decidedly, however, a falling off in the sopranos of the Madrigal Society's choir; but the basses and tenors were in splendid order. Miss Helena Walker sang with her usual power and finish. Miss Winder's voice was not so clear as we have heard it; but her style is improved. Miss Anyon, whom we heard for the first time, is possessed of a fine contralto voice, and a good feeling—two essentials which, properly trained, will make her a vocalist of a very high order. Under her instructor, Dr. Spark, she foreshadows a brilliant future. The tenor songs were well sung by Mr. C. Videon Harding, who has all the qualifications for a first-class singer. Mr. Dodds was the bass vocalist, and did his part effectively. Dr. Spark played three of Mr. Smart's organ solos with great taste and skill. The "Credo" and "Gloria" from the Service in F were conducted by Mr. Smart himself, who had a most flattering reception when he made his appearance on the orchestra.

## HIBERNIAN CATCH CLUB PRIZE, 1868-9 (DUBLIN).

(From a Correspondent.)

The competition for this prize took place on Tuesday evening last, January 12th, and the interest attached to it brought together a large number of members and visitors. The Right Hon. A. Brewster, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was in the chair, and the Right Hon. H. E. Chatterton, Vice Chancellor in the vice chair. The professional members present were Messrs. Peele, Gray, Hemsley, Dunne, Mus. Bac., Mullen, Smith, O'Rorke, and H. Bussell, sec. It having been found impossible to perform all the glees (thirty-three in number), which had been sent in, the committee selected six for final trial.

After dinner, these six glees were performed; the scrutineers collected the votes, and the president announced that an overwhelming majority was given to the glee, No. 31, having the motto "Heidelberg." On opening the envelope corresponding with this motto, it was found that the prize had been gained by the distinguished professor of music in the Dublin University, Dr. R. P. Stewart. Great applause followed the announcement, and there can be no doubt that the winning composition is the best of the thirty-three. A fairer trial for all competitors could not have been given. The gifted composer has carried off many prizes before in England, Ireland, and (we believe), Scotland.

## ROSSINI AND LA CENERENTOLA.\*

M. Gustave Bénédict has published a highly interesting article relating to the version made by Rossini of the above opera, in order to adapt it more especially to the French stage.

M. Letellier, the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels, no sooner heard of this, than he took steps to obtain the music necessary to produce the opera at his theatre, where it is at present in rehearsal, and where it would, probably, have already been played, but for the departure of Mlle. Marimon, for whom the part of Clorinde was intended.

In connection with this subject, we may, perhaps, be permitted to give an account of a visit paid last summer to Rossini, who was then stopping at Passy, by Madame Ferdinand Salard, a talented artist engaged at Brussels, and charged by M. Letellier with creating the part of Cinderella at his theatre. She was accompanied to the maestro's by M. Sylvain Saint-Etienne, the publisher of the new score.

M. Saint-Etienne introduced the young and handsome artist into the large drawing-room where the piano stood. He presented her to Rossini, observing that she came to consult him as to whether a singer like herself, engaged for first soprano parts, could properly sustain the character of Cinderella. Speaking in her turn, Madame Salard said to the composer:—

"I have always heard that this part belonged to a contralto, and, moreover, I always heard it sung, at the Théâtre Italien, by Alboni, a genuine contralto if ever there was one, and this fact confirmed me in my opinion."

"That is a mistake," replied Rossini, smiling, and taking Madame Salard's hand, having previously complimented her, immediately she entered, on the beauty of her figure, and the gracefulness of her features, adding: "You are just what all fair singers ought to be, for a lady must have a robust constitution to stand the hard work of the stage, and the difficulties attending the study of vocal art. To return to the part of Cinderella," he continued, "it is true that Alboni, like many other contraltos, sang it, but she sang, also, Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. Now I wrote these two parts, Cinderella and Rosina, within a year of each other, and in my best vein, for a genuine soprano, the Giorgia, a very talented singer, who had, it is true, some low notes in her voice, but was, nevertheless, a real soprano, for she produced the finest effects, her most brilliant touches, in the higher register. There is one thing which a soprano who has to sustain this part must do: she must transpose into F, and even, if necessary, into G, the rondo in E major, which is the great piece for the singer."

"I am delighted with your explanation," Madame Salard replied. "At present, my dear maestro, be good enough to hear me, and see if you think I possess the necessary elements of voice and method to interpret this part."

The composer sat down at the end of the drawing-room, and listened to the fair artist, who accompanied herself on the piano, as she sang the air from *La Gazza Ladra*, "Di piacer mi balza il cor," translated into French verse by Castil-Blaze.

At the last chords of the piece, Rossini, who, probably, did not expect to hear a French vocalist, accustomed to sing in grand opera, run off a *roulade* so well, and execute the florid style so charmingly, advanced to where she sat, and complimented her, several times, with lively satisfaction.

"Allow me to salute you," he added. "There, do not look at me, for I am only a poor old fellow; shut your eyes, and fancy you are swallowing a dose of castor-oil."

"Not at all," replied the actress, in ecstasies at his approbation, which she prized more highly than the most brilliant success she had ever achieved on the stage. "I open my eyes as wide as I can, and admire you as I admire everything that is sublime."

The above is an exact account of what took place at this meeting, which, after all, has some claim to be looked upon as a bit of history, for everything which regards art and the compositions of so illustrious a master possesses a certain value.

As for Madame Salard, on getting into the carriage with her companion, she appeared both agitated and beaming with delight.

"I am delighted at such a reception," she said, "and I consider it a duty not to retire to rest this evening before writing to tell the illustrious maestro how proud and happy I am."

\* From *La France Musicale*.

With regard to ourselves, we thought we might relate this anecdote, not for the vain pleasure of saying something new and unpublished, but because we gather from it two facts to which it may be as well to call attention. The first is that Rossini was kind and affable towards artists, and ever ready to encourage and do justice to their talent; the second fact, a fact most useful to know when getting up the score of *Cinderella*, is that any soprano may successfully undertake the part of the heroine, by merely, if necessary, transposing one number, and making a few insignificant alterations in certain passages, and thus provincial managers will be enabled at once to include among their stock-pieces, a *chef d'œuvre* which is a worthy pendant to *Il Barbiere*.

CH. NAIMIS.

## "RIEGO'S HYMN."

Some months since, M. Carjat, the excellent Parisian photographer, says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, got up a little fête, the proceeds being destined to alleviate the necessities of a poor artist, a man of talent and honour, who, after having known happier days, has fallen into a condition bordering upon destitution. The life of this man, at its dawn, promised to be brilliant; at the age of seventeen he entered the Spanish army as a cadet, and, being endowed with intelligence and enjoying the advantage of a good education, he had reason to believe that a smiling future lay before him. Fate decreed otherwise and the subject of this notice, proscribed and banished from his native country, turned musician to live. Though, by dint of hard work, he acquired a certain degree of talent, he has been far, as we have seen, from making a fortune.

It was the beginning of September, 1820! Spain, the classic land of revolution, had just risen against Ferdinand VII., and two of the insurgent generals, Riego and Quiroga, entered Madrid as conquerors, obliging the King to grant his people a constitution.

All men's minds were in a state of effervescence; popular emotion was at its height, and, in a word, the whole of Spain was in a sort of intoxication easily to be conceived. It was at this moment that two persons simultaneously conceived the idea of presenting their country with a hymn of regeneration—a patriotic and national song. One of them, Colonel Evariste San-Miguel, an old officer in the army of Cadiz, at the time of the rising of 1812, an old editor of the paper called the *Espectador*, "a tribune and a poet as well as a soldier" was chief of Riego's staff; the other, a cadet in the army, was a youth of seventeen, who had studied music a little, and whose name was Huerta.

The two threw their inspiration into a common stock, and, in one feverish night, produced a song to which they gave the Liberator's name, calling it "Riego's Hymn," though this version of the matter is not entirely conformable to the statement made in Bouillet's dictionary, where it is asserted that the hymn is the work of General Riego himself. Spain had found its "Marseillaise," and, a fortnight afterwards, the song, having become rapidly celebrated, was heard from one end of the country to the other.

But we know what were the results of the Spanish revolution. In 1823, thanks to the support of France, it was overcome by Ferdinand VII., who revenged himself, Heaven knows how, for the humiliations he had been made to undergo. Riego was hanged as a malefactor; Quiroga sought refuge in England; Evariste San-Miguel went to serve under the orders of Mina; and his collaborator, young Huerta, thought himself fortunate in being able to cross the French frontier. The last-named personage is the only one who interests us.

On arriving in France it was necessary for Huerta to live. He possessed an agreeable voice, and a certain degree of musical skill. He went to Paris and turned singer, obtaining very great success, even among the aristocracy, who were curious to hear, see, and know the young author of the national song of Spain. Huerta then proceeded to America, but, having been attacked there by disease of the larynx, completely lost his voice, and was obliged to fall back upon some instrument. He selected that antiquated one, the guitar, obtained such an amount of perfection on it as almost to revive its former popularity, and achieved an enormous reputation as a guitarist. Huerta is, in fact, the only

guitarist in the world, and the columns of this paper have more than once chronicled his success.\*

Yet, notwithstanding his successes, Huerta, after numerous adventures, has fallen, as we have seen, into a state of lamentable poverty. It is to be hoped that his country will not allow him to remain in this sad condition. The Spanish revolution, of which it is out of place to speak at length here, has revived his popularity. Half a century after its first production, and after having been prohibited for so many years, "Riego's Hymn" has again been heard. Spain cannot do less for its national minstrel, poor Huerta, now grown old and wretched, than France did, under Louis Philippe, for Rouget de Lisle.

"In 'Riego's Hymn'" — so says a notice now before me — "the honour belongs to the musician rather than to the poet. M. Jacques Foule, in his *Recueil des chants nationaux des deux Mondes*, has given a translation in French verse of the Spanish original, but it is very mediocre. The following prose version will convey a pretty faithful notion of the lines of the Spanish poet:—

"Joyous, gay, and full of daring, let us sing. Soldiers, the hymn of war! Let the earth move at our accents; let the world admire in us the descendants of the Cid. Soldiers, our country summons us to the fight. Let us swear for her to conquer or to die. Never did the world behold more noble daring; never did a day dawn greater in courage than that on which we were inflamed by the fire which excited in Riego's bosom the love of his native land."

The burden is highly energetic:—

"Let the wicked man tremble! Let him tremble! Let him tremble! (¡Que tiembla! ¡Que tiembla! ¡Que tiembla! el malvado!) when he sees the soldier's lance glistening."

The copy of "Riego's Hymn," now lying before me is merely a simple transcription for the piano, without words. Under the circumstances it is exceedingly difficult to pronounce an opinion on it. It is written in six-eight time; the burden has a well-marked accent, a certain dashing character, and is not deficient in vigour. Of the two phrases which, beyond a doubt, constitute the melody of the couplet, the first is decidedly vulgar, but the second is distinguished for spirit, vigour, and sonority. The general design of the piece moves in the interval of a ninth; it is very simple and easy to sing, a quality indispensable for a composition intended to become popular. It strikes me that originality is the element most deficient in this song, the rhythm of which is, however, good, and the character not without power.

But it is in the forum, in public places out of doors, that we must hear a national hymn, to be able to judge it properly, and determine its true character. It must be sung by thousands of voices, and supported by a powerful and vigorous instrumentation. As I cannot hear it thus executed, I shall refrain from pronouncing a definite decision upon it, and limit myself to the above short remarks.

ARTHUR PUGIN.

### MUSICAL PITCH.

Mr. Joseph Barnby has addressed the following letter to the *Daily News*:—

SIR,—I am glad to find that Mr. Manns, in his letter of yesterday, merely suggests (without recommending) that the present too high pitch shall be lowered a whole semitone. I am quite sure this would prove a mere compromise between the necessity of altering and the anticipated expense of new instruments, inasmuch as one of the greatest disadvantages of the present pitch is that it is different to that of any other country, and were Mr. Manns' suggestion acted upon, it would still remain so. I further beg to state that although it is called the French pitch on account of its origin, it may now be considered European by its adoption; and I, for my part, consider it as necessary to adopt the European standard as to change the pitch. Lest it should wound our *amour propre* to have to follow the French lead, it might be as well to mention *le diapason normal* was fixed by the representatives of three of the most musical nations of the continent: Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber. Under any circumstances, however, I have determined to introduce the French pitch, for the first time in England, at my own oratorio concerts, and I believe Mr. Charles Hallé has signified his intention of also making use of *le diapason normal*. How soon this may be followed by others I cannot say.—I am &c.,

Jan. 11.

J. BARNBY.

\* Born at Orihuela, near Cadiz, the 8th June, 1803, Trinidad Francisco Huerta of Caturat went to Belgium in 1843, and played with very great success on several occasions during his visit, which, by the way, he never repeated.

### SPOHR AND MENDELSSOHN.

(Translated from Spohr's "Selbst Biographie.")

"At Düsseldorf we were most hospitably received at the house of Frau von Sybel, and on the very first evening of our arrival had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Immermann, who read us his charming *Julifantchen*, to the special delight of my daughter-in-law. On my enquiring for Mendelssohn, who did not appear, I learned that he was one of the friends of the family, but that he never came on the same evening with Immermann, because they had quarrelled about the opera, Immermann having thrown all his energy into the acting drama. On another morning I called on Mendelssohn and found his sister with him, when he played me the first number of his oratorio of *St. Paul*, in which the only thing that did not exactly please me was the too close imitation of Handel's style. My concertino in E appeared however to please them much better, one of the novelties in which was a long passage in a peculiar *staccato* which he had never heard any other player produce. He accompanied me from the score in the cleverest way; and of this *staccato* he could not hear enough, making me repeat it again and again and saying to his sister—'Listen! that's Spohr's famous *staccato* which no one else can do.' From them I went to Immermann's, and he proposed to take me to see Grabbe, who had come to Düsseldorf at his invitation. I thus made the acquaintance of that strange person on the same evening. When we entered and the little creature saw me coming in like a colossus, he ran trembling into the corner and the first words he said were: 'It would be easy enough for you to throw me out of the window.' 'Yes,' said I, 'easy enough, but I am not come here for that.' After this comical scene Immermann presented him to me, and I found him both very absurd and very interesting.

"In answer to the repeated requests of friends and publishers Spohr attempted a kind of composition which he had not before tried and made a Sonata for piano solo; and as it turned out to his satisfaction he resolved to dedicate it to Mendelssohn. Hearing of this intention Mendelssohn wrote immediately to Spohr, and in thanking him for 'so high and honourable a distinction' went on to say: 'If I could only fully express to you how deeply I feel, and what it is to me to be able in this way to call one of your works my very own, and how it is not only the distinction, but quite as much the fact of your pleasant recollection and your continued interest in me that so delights my heart. A thousand thanks to you, dear Herr Kapellmeister. All that I can do in the way of playing to make my cross-grained fingers bring out the Sonata in all its beauty shall be honestly done. That, however, will be but a selfish pleasure and I should be so glad to be able to do something for you in return,' &c. The 'cross-grained fingers' were not long in obeying the will of their owner, for when Spohr subsequently visited Leipzig and had the pleasure of hearing the Sonata played by Mendelssohn, it was all that could be wished, and Spohr recognized in his friend's execution the ideal which he had had in his mind when composing it. The Sonata was shortly afterwards published by Mechetti of Vienna as Opus 125."

### VERY WELSH.

The "Roaring Lion" and his friends must have been gratified on reading the following:—

"LLANEGWAD MUSICAL SOCIETY.—A meeting of the above society was held at the National School-room, on New Year's Eve; the Rev. T. B. Nicholl in the chair. All seemed to be greatly pleased with the entertainment. The following was the programme:—Araith gan y Cadeirydd, solo and chorus, 'Hen Wlad fy Nhadau,' Mr. D. Richards and choir; adrodd, 'Pws, pws! fach,' John Davies; adrodd, 'Caredigrywdd,' Hetty Lewis; canig, 'Aderyn pur,' Miss Ann Thomas; adrodd, 'Robin wedi colli ei gydmar,' Jane Williams; adrodd, 'Y cu a'r cysgod,' Evan Davies; adrodd, 'Lewis at eu hanwylyd,' David Williams; adrodd, 'Y ddafad ddu,' David Jones; song, 'Y baban tew,' Miss Mary Lewis; darlenniad, 'Meldith Teulu,' Mr. D. Williams; song, 'O tyred yn ol,' Miss Mary Lewis; ymddyddan, 'Mari Morgan, a gwaig y tafarn,' A. Jones, A. Williams, D. Jones; solo and chorus, 'Gwalia,' Mr. Thomas and party; adrodd, 'Rhywbeth rhyfedd,' Joyce Williams; adrodd, 'Llong a'r Dán,' Mr. D. Thomas; song, 'Gwenith Gwyn,' Mr. T. Thomas; 'Ymddiddan y felin.' Thanks to the chairman was proposed by Mr. Davies, Llwynfortune, and seconded by Mr. Williams, Abercothy. God save the Queen having been given the meeting dispersed.

We recommend the attention of Mr. Brinley Richards, Bard Alaw, Mr. Ap'Gwyfyn Thomas, Mr. Ap'Thomas, Pencerrdd Gwalia, &c., to the above model programme.

HAMBURG.—Herr Otto Goldschmidt's oratorio of *Ruth* was recently performed before an audience specially invited. The part of the principal female personage was sustained by Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, who has been living here in retirement with her husband since the latter gave up his post at the Royal Academy of Music, London.



## THINGS OLD AND NEW.

It is not possible to look with satisfaction upon the pianoforte music now in vogue. We seem, during recent years, to have been retrograding rather than advancing in this department of the art. Our forefathers and foremothers played—when they played at all—music at which, it is true, the majority of their descendants would scarcely vouchsafe to glance, but which, nevertheless, was music with more or less of modest worth in it. But they did not live in high pressure days, when boarding schools are forcing houses; when factitious brilliancy, destined to burn out in a year or two, is of more account than solid attainments; when fantasias are thrown off from the press as thickly as sparks from an anvil (lasting about as long), and when the ability to play, such as it is, is regarded as a means to an end other than refined pleasure and solace. The pianoforte playing of our day—we speak of it generally—is the result of that superficial musical knowledge which society classes among the “accomplishments,” and exacts from all alike, as uniformly as it insists upon courtesy of manner. Such a result is perfectly natural, given the happy thought which first suggested the possibility of making showy pieces out of a melody embroidered with arpeggios and scales. That thought provided a short and easy method of satisfying society's demand, and, as a consequence, arpeggios and scales have their own way, while he reaps most profit, if not most honour, who can throw them together with the greatest facility.

Yet, while the foregoing is true as a rule, there are many, and we hope, increasing exceptions, apart from the cultivated amateurs on whose music-stands the greatest pianoforte works have an honoured place. We believe there are not a few with souls above fantasias, and with ability not equal to Beethoven. These are at present somewhat awkwardly situated, because writers and publishers seldom think it worth while to look after their interests. Unless copies of the old masters—fast getting rarer and rarer—are at hand, they can find but little adapted to their executive skill, and at the same time gratifying to good taste. When opportunity enables us we shall give a thought to the interests of this class of pianoforte players, and call attention to works, new or old, which seem to us worthy of a place in their necessarily limited repertory. Some such works are now before us, and in every way deserve recommendation.

Under the title of “Bachiana,” Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co. some time since published a series of preludes and fugues from the miscellaneous pianoforte works of John Sebastian Bach. The attractions of these compositions to players of moderate ability is immense. There is, first of all, the name of the grand old master himself; he who carried fugal writing to the highest pitch of excellence. Next, there is in them no more than the degree of difficulty which stimulates the average amateur instead of putting him out of hope. Attacking them he sees an attainable end in view, and therefore works on cheerfully. Lastly, nearly every number has the charm of novelty. We shall not be far wrong in saying that to ninety-nine out of every hundred players that novelty would be absolute. The fact is, that just as Beethoven's Sonatas overshadow his exquisite Bagatelles, so Bach's *Clavier bien Tempéré*, and the immortal “48” overshadow his smaller works. From the latter comparatively obscure source all the pieces in “Bachiana,” have been taken, and when we say that in them the master's inexhaustible fancy and inventive skill are prominently displayed, we indicate an attraction which very few who know Bach at all will be able to resist. The series (of six numbers) starts well with the beautiful *Fuga Scherzando* in A minor, supposed to have been written when its composer held the post of court organist to the Grand Duke of Weimar (1708-17). Essentially popular in style and treatment, it is an example of fugue made interesting even to those who attach no definite meaning to the word. Scarcely a passage in it is without the true melodic charm which every one can appreciate, while such moderate difficulties as it presents are smoothed away by judicious fingering. To those amateurs who are unacquainted with this charming specimen of Bach's lighter mood, we say make its acquaintance at once. No. 2, a prelude and fugue on the name Bach, while more familiar than its companions is also less meritorious. Indeed serious doubts are sometimes expressed whether it is not the work of some other hand than that of the great cantor. At any rate there is less originality in the fugue than we are accustomed to look for when Bach is concerned. No. 3 is a *Fantasia con Fughetta*, in D major, about the authorship of which there can be no mistake. Only Bach could have written a fantasia so free yet so scholarly; so full of beauty yet in such strict accord with severest rule: while the lightness of the *Fughetta* could not be surpassed. No. 4 is another *Fantasia con Fuga*, in B flat major. The first movement is hardly equal in merit to that of No. 3, but the fugue, though different in character, has an equal claim upon our admiration. No. 5 is a prelude and fugue in A minor, both short, but the latter is a real gem. Once mastered—no difficult task—the player will return to it again and again, each time with undiminished

pleasure. No. 6 is two short fugues in C major, much alike in subject and working, and both written with that marvellous fluency which distinguishes Bach in his happiest mood. Here, then, are works of the highest order, ready to the hands, and easy to the fingers, of the amateur with classical proclivities. In any case where acquaintance follows, we shall be thanked for having pointed them out.

We now turn to works of quite another class, yet full of merit, and interesting as given to the world in an age of scale, arpeggios, and other musical gymnastics. Messrs. Cramer & Co. have just published a set of six “Melodies for the Pianoforte,” by T. M. Mudie, which are among the most charming things of their kind ever written. Those who know Mr. Mudie as an accomplished and conscientious musician, the author of works which will one day obtain a wide appreciation; or even those who know him only by the beautiful overture in Italian style, performed two years since at the New Philharmonic Concerts, will be prepared to agree with the opinion we have expressed about his “Melodies.” It is to be hoped that Mr. Mudie will feel encouraged to go on producing similar works. There are few composers who can write so well, none who more deserve a generous recognition. The first melody is an *Allegro Scherzoso* in A major, very easy to play, and remarkably graceful from beginning to end. It has a genuine melody which, accompanied unobtrusively, is left to occupy the foremost place. No. 2 is an *Andante* in E major, entitled “Tranquillity.” This is more varied in treatment than the preceding and possesses greater charms. The tender character of the melody well sustained throughout, and the musicianly harmonies set against it are alike admirable. Here, again, Mr. Mudie has studied simplicity without loss of effect. No. 3, *Scherzo* in A minor, will be considered by not a few, with whose taste we shall not quarrel, as the best of the set. Such pleasant fancy as it displays in conjunction with thorough purity of treatment and style, is too rarely met with among modern writers for the piano. No. 4, a *Religioso (Andante)* in C major, appropriately serious in cast, is full of grace and beauty, as, in an equal degree, is No. 5, a *Romanza (Andante)* in E flat major. The latter consists of a melody twice repeated to varied accompaniments, and an effective coda. In contrast with it is No. 6, a “Spring song,” in G major (*Allegro con spirito*). This unaffected and beautiful little piece will be everywhere a favourite, as well for its lightsome gladness, as for the pretty melody which constitutes its principal feature.

Our catalogue is not exhausted, but here we must stop, doing so the more willingly because feeling sure that we have pointed out to our amateur readers enough to occupy their attention and evoke their admiration for some time to come.

THADDEUS EGG.

## PUNCH ON PITCH.

No. I.

A JARRING NOTE.—The subject of “Musical Pitch” is too abstruse for us, quite out of our compass, as the whole tenor of this paragraph will show, indeed, we have been obliged to look into “Knight” for the meaning of diapason; but as there are preluding symptoms of discord and disagreement on the question, we just note it, on this which is or ought to be the octave of St. Cecilia, to express a hope first that the conductors of the dispute will not be such flats as to descend so low in the scale as to pitch into each other, and next that they will come to a harmonious conclusion, and be successful in attaining the pitch of perfection. Pitch suggests—toss; but perhaps this mode of deciding the point (not counterpoint, is it?) would be thought too low. We proposed it with a quaver, merely as a crochets of our own, and hope very soon to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Sims Reeves in Exeter Hall again.

No. II.

MUSIC AND PATRIOTISM.—Mr. Sims Reeves is carrying the point for which, with true artistic feeling, he has long been struggling—in his own interest, no doubt, but not less in that of the singing world. Mr. Hallé, among other celebrities, has given in his adhesion to the proposed reform. The English Pitch is to be lowered to the French standard. But never shall the English Tar bow before the standard of France. Jammy, Mounseer. That, we are adamant about.

LEIPSIC.—The eleventh Gewandhaus Concert took place on New Year's Day. The programme included, among other compositions, Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and Mozart's Symphony in C major, with the final Fugue. Herr Wilhelm performed the first movement from the Violin Concerto of Rubinstein, and the “*Otello Fantasia*” of Ernest. Madame Rudersdorff was the vocalist.—The General Musical Association of Germany met recently to pay a tribute of respect to the late Dr. Franz Brendel. Dr. Ad. Stern, from Dresden, delivered a discourse eulogizing the deceased, and Riedel's Vocal Association sang a motet by Melch. Frank, as well as the hymn, “Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,” arranged by Calvinists.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,  
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18TH, 1869.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

## Programme.

### PART I.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 44, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... .. *Mendelssohn.*  
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss EMILY SPILLER (Clarinet obligato—Mr. LAZARUS) ... .. *Cherubini.*  
SONATA, in A major, No. 10 (posthumous), for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE ... .. *Schubert.*

### PART II.

CONCERTO, for Violin, with Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM ... .. *Bach.*  
SONG, "She wandered down the mountain side"—Miss EMILY SPILLER ... .. *Clay.*  
SONATA, in G major, Op. 30, No. 3, for Pianoforte and Violin—Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Herr JOACHIM ... .. *Beethoven.*  
CONDUCTOR - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

# FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1869.

To commence at Three o'clock.

## Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... .. *Mozart.*  
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... .. *Handel.*  
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... .. *Bee'hoven.*  
SONG, "A year ago"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... .. *Rockstro.*  
TRIO, in D minor, Op. 49, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI ... .. *Mendelssohn.*  
CONDUCTOR - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Frowse, & Co., 48, Cheap-side; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.  
N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

**L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive** filz du Roy FLORENDO de MACKEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY GUINEAS.  
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 214, Regent Street, W.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. (Dublin).—We shall be pleased to hear from you when any event of interest occurs.

## NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

With this week's number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive the two remaining pages of Index.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

## HOW MUCH LOWER?

THAT is the question. A large body of musical amateurs, professors, and critics agree that the height of our pitch has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. But, like the runners in a race, they are in line only at the starting-post. Discord, a necessity in harmony, seems inevitable to all musical men and things. At any rate, the pitch reformers are divided against themselves, the probable result being another illustration of the old saw:—"United we stand, divided we fall."

There are two parties in the case—the party of expediency and the party of principle. We meet with both in every movement, and run up against their representatives at every turn. There is little need to describe the individual—Bunyan would have called him Mr. Worldly Wiseman—who makes himself content with what is easily attainable; who casts his practice, if not his faith, in the mould that comes readiest, and who is intensely conscious that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Nor is it at all necessary to sketch the character of him who refuses what he can get because he cannot have what he would, who never recognizes the logic of circumstances, and whose principles are as stiff-necked as the image of Nebuchadnezzar the King. Both are hard at work at reforming the pitch in their several ways. Let us hear what they have to say, and "Silence" first for Mr. Expediency.—"Your talk of introducing the French pitch is all bosh. The thing can't be done except under unattainable conditions. Don't you know that the diminution would be less than a semitone. What follows? This, for example,—every orchestral organ in England would have to be re-tuned at a cost, in each case, of very many pounds, transposition would be impossible, and new instruments made imperative. Who is to pay for all this? The Government?—nonsense. The orchestral players?—they can't. The singers who chiefly benefit?—they won't. The public?—they care nothing about it. You see the question is one of money, and what is the good of marketing with an empty purse. Why not go the whole semitone, in which case, as Mr. Martin showed last Wednesday, you can get very nearly what you want without expense?" Very good, Mr. Expediency, now please stand aside, and let your rival speak. "I am for no bungling compromises. The French pitch has authority on its side, it will be the accepted pitch of the Continent, and uniformity in this matter is an essential principle. As to the obstacles in the way, of which my friend talks so glibly—obstacles are things to be surmounted—a fig for them. We may have to wait a little longer and fight a little harder for the consummation, but what of that. A principle is higher than a possibility. Let us determine what is right in the abstract, and then peg away at circumstances till they are made to fit." Here, then, are the two sides of the question with which we started—"How much lower?" Our readers will agree with one or the other according to their proclivities, and we shall content ourselves with pointing out that the actual difference involved is so very small as to require a most acute ear for its detection. Assuming that a reduction must be made, and the distinction between a half-tone lower and the French diapason normal, being hardly worth considering, the whole question assumes this shape—whether uniformity with the pitch of the Continent be worth the extra time, trouble, and expense necessary to secure it. We leave this question for our readers to consider, and invite their opinions thereupon.

WAGNER'S *Vaisseau-Fantôme* is about to be revived at Munich.



## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Herr Joseph Joachim has returned, which is as much as to say that the Monday Popular Concerts have once more reached their highest degree of attractiveness. The greatest of violinists, and—Mendelssohn alone expected (Handel we persist in claiming as an Englishman)—the most universally popular foreign musician that ever came among us, is in full possession of his marvellous powers. He has already appeared at two concerts, and a more enthusiastic reception than that which on each occasion greeted him has not, in our remembrance, been awarded to any public favourite. At the first concert, Herr Joachim played (with Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti) Mozart's quartet in C, the last of the six dedicated to Haydn, together with one of Haydn's own quartets in B flat, long familiar to Mr. Chappell's audiences. In both, his performance was consummate—wanting, in fact, nothing that ordinary human ears and ordinary human judgment could detect as stopping the way to absolute perfection. He also joined Madame Arabella Goddard in Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, Op. 96, in G major (the last and perhaps the most thoroughly individual of the ten), with the execution of which the audience were so much pleased that they twice called back the performers at the end. The pianoforte solo at this concert was Schubert's magnificent sonata in D major, played by Madame Goddard, whose first appearance it also was, and who, if we may judge by the overwhelming applause and "recal" she obtained, gave no less satisfaction than the inimitable Hungarian violinist, himself—of which, as an English artist, she had fair reason to be proud. Miss Edith Wynne was the singer, and Mr. Benedict the accompanist—the songs selected being "I know a song" (Benedict) and "Orpheus with his lute" (A. S. Sullivan), neither of which could well have gone better.

On Monday night Herr Joachim led the first of Cherubini's three quartets—the one in E flat, with its long-drawn-out slow movement, its Spanish *scherzo*, its fantastic trio, and its animated *finale*—"sparkling," as Schumann says, "like a diamond when you shake it." Thoroughly did the grand artist enter into the spirit of this music, so unlike and yet so like the masterpieces in the same style which the great German composers have bequeathed to the art. Schumann could not understand this quartet at first; but Schumann, though a very eloquent and a very interesting critic, was by no means a safe guide. Herr Joachim's playing, however, supported, as it was, in the violoncello part, by that of Cherubini's gifted compatriot, Signor Piatti, who cannot be justly placed second even to Herr Joachim, would, we apprehend, have convinced the composer of *Paradise and the Peri* at once, could he have heard it. It convinced, at any rate, the Monday Popular Concert audience, the majority of whom, although the quartet had been already played three different times in St. James's Hall, were in all probability unacquainted with it. Never was a fine, elaborate, and deeply-imagined work more heartily appreciated. It was evidently desired that the *scherzo* and trio should be repeated; but the quartet is long—very long—and Herr Joachim was wise in disregarding the so generally-expressed wish, and proceeding at once with the *finale*, the glorious execution of which by all four players (Joachim, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti) soon put the *scherzo* out of mind and provoked applause even warmer than before. The other quartet was by Mozart, in B flat—"No. 9," as it is called by those who do not know how many he has written, but "No. 26" by those who do. Although not one of the famous Haydn set of six, this quartet in B flat is just as welcome as any of them to the lovers of Mozart's music. As writing it is purity itself; its melody is unceasing, and it winds up with a *finale* built upon one theme only, for marked character and ingenious workmanship, the studied simplicity of its construction borne in mind, fit to match with almost anything its composer has left us. The pianist of the evening was Herr Pauer, who if he had not already given many proofs of being an artist in the truest acceptance of the term, would have convincingly shown it on this occasion by the readiness with which, at a very short notice, he came forward to play the pieces set down in the programme for Madame Goddard, who was prevented by indisposition from appearing. These were the three "Posthumous Studies" of Mendelssohn (in B flat minor, F major, and A minor), and the great trio in B flat, Op. 97, which Beethoven dedicated to his noble friend and patron, the Archduke Rodolphe—all difficult, as every pianist is aware. The last of

Mendelssohn's studies being encored, Herr Pauer returned to the platform, and gave the prelude in E minor, which forms No. 1 of the *Six Preludes and Fugues*, Op. 35, by the same composer. In the trio of Beethoven he was associated with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti—a fact absolving us from any description of the performance. With three such executants, indeed, it could not have been otherwise than good.

The singer at this concert was Miss Annie Edmonds, who, in "Mr. Benedict's graceful "Maiden and the River," and Schubert's "I heard a streamlet gushing" ("Wohin"—one of the celebrated *Die schöne Müllerin* set of songs, composed in 1823, five years before Schubert's death), afforded equal satisfaction, being warmly applauded in both and called back after the second. That Miss Edmonds is one of our most promising young singers is now generally recognized. She has a pleasing and capable voice, and sings with genuine expression—by which we mean expression true and natural, while never overdrawn. Mr. Benedict being engaged in conducting one of the concerts of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, the songs were accompanied last night by Mr. Zerbini—remarkably well, be it added.

At the concert of Monday next, besides leading Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, Herr Joachim is to play, for the first time, a concerto in A minor by J. S. Bach, with string quartet accompaniment, and Mr. Charles Hallé is to make his first appearance for the season.

## PUNCH AT THE MONDAY POPS.

Somebody has described the pleasures of Elysium as eating everlasting *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. But trumpets seem to our thinking to smack of Lord Mayor's dinners, and the like coarse entertainments: and we think that far more exquisite than trumpets and fat livers were the bliss of hearing Joachim eternally play Beethoven. Orpheus with his lute made fleas skip to him when he did sing: but Orpheus with his lute made never sweeter music than does Joachim with his fiddle; and nowhere else does Joachim play more charmingly than at the Monday Pops, for nowhere else is he more sure of an appreciative audience. Popular as these concerts very literally are, and though many hundreds of one shilling seats are always crowded by the public, such silence is preserved from the first note to the last as our opera *habitués* would do well to try to imitate. When the *Kreutzer* is performed by the fingers of Herr Joachim and Arabella Goddard you might even hear an H drop, if any one so far forgot himself as to exclaim, "Ow 'eavenly!"

*Punch* has often heard much nonsense talked by musical connoisseurs, who complain of the sad dearth of taste for music in this country; but, seeing how St. James's Hall is weekly crammed in this eleventh season of the glorious Monday Pops, *Punch* cannot quite agree with this complaint against his countrymen. In the belief that such performances have a civilizing influence, and in the want of a good antidote against the poison of the music halls, *Punch* wishes all success to the "Ops" and to the "Pops;" and he hopes that no good churchman, when he wants to hear good music, will think that, for his ticket, he is wrong to go to Chappell.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The Waterloo Road Improvement Society gave a musical entertainment on Monday, at which the Rev. J. H. Bath presided. Several anthems, solos, duets, &c., were given by a band of singers, &c. Miss Parker, a pupil of Miss Ganz's, made an impression in Beethoven's *Sonata-Pathétique*. She also, with Miss Fisher, in the "Qui Vive" galop arranged as a duet, played excellently, finishing the entertainment with Mr. W. Ganz's arrangement of the "Nightingale Trill." The whole performance was a success.

The first of a series of concerts in aid of the Great Northern Hospital, Caledonian Road, was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday last. The artists were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Reeves, Mdle. Romanelli, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Wells, (duet), and Mr. Griesbach (violin), with Messrs. Hatton, Harrison, Turle Lee, and Guglielmo as conductors. Several encores were demanded, and the whole entertainment appeared to give satisfaction. A choir of fifty voices under Mr. Edward Craig sang some concerted music in each part.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The second of these entertainments came off in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, and, like its predecessor, attracted a large as well as appreciative audience. With one or two exceptions, the artists were the same as on the first occasion. Prominent among those exceptions was Signor Piatti, whose wonderful violoncello solos excited the usual *furor*. Madame Arabella Goddard's continued indisposition again prevented her appearance, the place she would have filled being taken by M. Frederick Boscovitz, who played some show piece of his own and Liszt's *Rigoletto* Fantasia.

As usual, the vocal part of the programme was judiciously varied by things new and old. Among the former were Leslie's "Speed on, my bark" (Mr. Chaplin Henry); Sullivan's "Mother's Dream" (Miss Edith Wynne); "O sweet and fair" (Madame Sainton-Dolby); Claribel's "Robin Redbreast" (Mad. Sherrington), and others of equal merit. As representatives of the older writers were given A. Lee's "Away, away, to the mountain's brow," Bishop's "As it fell upon a day" (Miss Wynne); "The Oak and the Ash" (Miss Elton); and "On the banks of Allan Water" (Miss Louisa Pyne). It is as needless to say how all these were received as it is to point out how they were sung. Mrs. Hale, Miss Elton, Messrs. Montem Smith, Chaplin Henry, and Winn took part in the concerted music with their usual success.

The next concert takes place on Wednesday, when the same artists will appear, and it is hoped that Madame Goddard will be able to take her share of the programme.

## PROVINCIAL.

BANBURY.—A correspondent writes from the town of cakes thus:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren gave a pianoforte and vocal recital in the Town Hall last Tuesday week (January 5), when a highly attractive selection of pieces by Beethoven, Weber, Handel, Mendelssohn, Prudent, &c., was agreeably contrasted by the alternation of songs most charmingly executed by Miss Florence de Courcy, three of which she was called upon to repeat: Cherubini's glowing love song in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, a Scotch ballad, and G. A. Macfarren's 'Half-past nine.' Mrs. John Macfarren was recalled after her performance of Brissac's brilliant Fantasia on Welsh Melodies, and responded to an encore of a sparkling caprice called the 'Butterfly,' by playing Brissac's spirited 'Valse de Bravoure.' The hall was crowded."

MALVERN.—"On Christmas-day," writes the *Malvern News*, "an anthem composed by Mr. W. Haynes was sung by the choir, who had practised most laboriously for the Christmas season. The anthem was a composition full of good counterpoint and harmony."

TOTTENHAM.—"The first of a series of concerts," writes a correspondent, "was commenced on Saturday in the Lecture Hall, Tottenham, under the management of Mr. H. W. Whympere, resident professor. The first part consisted of an evening with Sir Henry Bishop, consisting exclusively of his works, which gave much satisfaction to the audience assembled. The selection was done every justice to by the Misses Jenny Menzler, Laura Canham, E. Langton, Shirley, and Madame Alfardi, with Messrs. Herbert Muriel and Walter Reeves, who gave their solos and part-songs to perfection, under the tuition and direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, R.A.M., who also performed a fantasia on the pianoforte and was encored. The second part was of a miscellaneous character. Miss Shirley was encored in Ganz's song, "Love hailed a little Maid," and the same compliment was paid to Mr. Walter Reeves. These Saturday concerts give pleasure to the inhabitants of Tottenham, and deserve support."

The following, abridged from a Liverpool paper, shows that Mr. Benedict is still doing homage to his late illustrious friend, Rossini:—

"The 30th season of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concerts was inaugurated last Monday evening, and proved in every respect a complete success. The hall was filled in every part, and the performances were highly satisfactory. No doubt as a second graceful compliment to the memory of Rossini, the first part contained that composer's *Stabat Mater*, which, however, frequently performed, never loses its attractiveness to all true lovers of music. Mdle. Tietjens, Mdle. Scacchi, Signor Bulterini, and Mr. Santley proved an almost unexceptionable quartet. The "quatuors" were given with the finest possible effect—and notably the "Quando corpus." The choruses were sung with remarkable spirit and precision, and the accompaniments were of such a nature as to leave little to be desired. The second part of the concert was of a miscellaneous character, having for chief attractions Haydn's symphony in E flat, a new *barcarolle* and *tarentella* for the violin (composed and played by Mr. E. W. Thomas), and Auber's overture to *Leocadie*.

## Odd Thoughts.

AN American critic, *à propos* of the part of Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio, thus preaches:—

"But there are not many who can, in this age of scepticism, comprehend and realize the characters of such men as were Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel. How can any man expect to interpret the character of these servants of the Lord, either by speaking, singing, or writing, unless such person will become open to the Divine Influx, by which alone, these great prophets were enabled to give utterances to their burning words of truth and judgment—utterances as much applicable to this our day as to when they just were spoken. You convey to your readers much interesting matter relating to art. Tell those who are seeking to excel in its great mysteries, to open themselves to Him who is, alone, the Great Artist, and, as they do so and become filled with His Divine Influx, the pencil will move, as it never moved—the pen write as it never wrote—the chisel curve, as it never curved—the fingers touch the keys as never before—and the voice utter tones never before known to it."

The same gentleman also has an original word about the "Reformation Symphony," to the conducting of which he evidently thinks the "Divine Influx" essential:—

"The instrumental part of this concert was good. It realized a want of things, but in the execution there was not much I could criticize. I had never before heard the "Reformation Symphony," the scherzo of which—most admirably played—much delighted me. The finale was uneffective, and until it can be performed by a power and combination, it, probably, has never yet had, it will fail to please and be appreciated, as, in the future, it may be. This composition needs a baton wielded by a man who can be filled by the inspiration that moved and upheld Luther in his battle with Rome; and who can arouse in those under that baton the same enthusiasm as did Luther in the hearts of those devoted men and women, by whom he was enabled to win his great victory, of which this symphony was written in commemoration."

We cannot resist stringing one more gem from the same treasury:—

"It is said that New York is, at present, the most corrupt city in the world; if this be so, there may not be in it sufficient of Divine Life to make it possible for any performance of oratorio there to be supported by the public."

How much of Divinity must surround Exeter Hall!

*Punch* asks "Has the singular fact been remarked that all operas have exactly the same number of pieces, for they all have—a score."

The *Musical Standard* says "The pushing man has, too, his army of pimps, to whom he is liberal in proportion to their success." Tootooto!

## THE MUSICAL PITCH.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Very little benefit is likely to accrue from the musical pitch agitation unless some practical suggestion be acted upon. Mr. Manns has partially pointed out the way to effect so desirable a consummation, but he has not sufficiently gone into details.

In order more fully to carry out Mr. Manns' views, I venture to suggest that a list should be opened by every musiceller and musical instrument maker in the United Kingdom, to contain the names of all those professors and amateurs who are favourable to the movement, with the sum subscribed by each, for the furtherance of the object in view.

A central committee should be formed in London, and branch committees in the provinces in connexion with it should be organized. By such means a sufficient sum might be collected to provide new wind instruments for every orchestra.

Mr. Sims Reeves, with whom the praiseworthy movement has emanated, should call a public meeting for the purpose of settling preliminaries; this done, there can be little doubt that, in a short time, a rational and legitimate musical pitch would become an established fact in England.—Yours obediently,

84, Gower Street, Bedford Square.

JOHN BARNETT.

MAGDEBURGH.—M. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has been produced, but in so unsatisfactory a manner that it was not very successful.

## MUSICAL PITCH.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The well-intentioned article in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 5th of January, and the previous letters in the *Athenæum* and other papers, concerning the musical pitch of England, induce me to lay my views on this important matter before my brother conductors, and all who must necessarily be affected through the lowering of the present pitch, in order to evoke the fullest inquiry on all points in connection with the movement before any decisive steps are taken.

I beg to say that I not only think it desirable, but absolutely necessary, that the present pitch should be lowered, and I have every reason to believe that most, if not all, of my respected colleagues entertain the same view, since unless this be done good performances of those choral works upon which England justly prides herself will become rare if not altogether impossible; and that not alone from the fact that it will be difficult to find solo vocalists who can sing their parts without disastrous transpositions and alterations, but also from the weighty reason that chorus-singing has now become a perfect hardship to musical amateurs, instead of a pleasure, as it used and ought still to be.

As to the cause and cure of the evil, practical experience compels me to differ from the views advanced by the different writers on the subject. Whatever may be the cause of the constant rise in the pitch, it can scarcely be attributed to the vanity or ambition of individual players or conductors, because the intense sensibility of the musical ear of every good musician would revolt against tuning instruments too sharp. The tendency to tune strings rather sharp at the beginning of a grand performance has its root in the necessity of being prepared for the certain raising of the tone of the wind instruments, caused by the warm breath which gives life to their bodies of wood and brass, and also from the presence of that heated atmosphere always created where large numbers congregate in brilliantly lighted concert rooms.

According to musical history, the rise in the pitch commenced in the desire to amalgamate the pitch of Chor and Kammer-ton, which, a couple of centuries ago, differed in some countries more than a whole tone—the Chor-ton being the highest. When, from the beginning of the 17th century, the orchestra gradually became an important accompanying instrument at musical performances in churches, its diapason had necessarily to be regulated according to the Chor-ton, that is, to the pitch of the church organs of the time. But the real mischief commenced when the orchestra emancipated itself from the church, and went, as an independent musical body, into the concert room; for, after increasing its family by all sorts of wood and brass instruments, it also pressed closely to its heart the pianoforte. Concertos were composed for pianoforte solo and with orchestral accompaniments. The piano, carefully tuned to the pitch of the wind instruments which had to accompany it, proved all right during the rehearsals in the empty saloon in the daytime, but was found much too flat during the evening performance, when the heat, created by an artificial light and a crowded audience, had tuned the wind instruments up considerably. After that, the piano no doubt was tuned up also in order to be in proper pitch for the next evening performances; unfortunately, however, it was also occasionally wanted for morning performances, without artificial light, and then found to be much too sharp. The wind instruments were harassed, and, in order to meet the difficulty, determined to sharpen their pitch for the next morning concert; and so things went on, increasing more rapidly still with the introduction of the brilliant gaslight into concert rooms, until they gradually reached the present unendurable climax—a musical pitch which destroys voices and makes conductors hesitate to consent to perform the monumental choral works of the great masters of the 18th and the greater part of the first half of the present century; which incapacitates the lips and lungs of trumpet and French horn players before they reach the prime of life; makes kettle drums, still in Handel's favourite key of D, sound like the rattling of a flour mill; and takes the sonority and beauty of sound out of a great orchestra on account of all the violins, violas, and cellos being strung much thinner than they should be, in order to stand the strain of this intolerably high pitch, and to vibrate with requisite ease therein.

How can a further progress of the evil be arrested, and a complete cure be effected? I fear it is not so easy as is represented in the different letters, because we have no *Ministère des Beaux Arts* to whom a committee of competent musicians might appeal for the establishment of a normal diapason, and who, after listening to the scientific representations of such a committee, might investigate the commercial part of the question with military authorities, bandmasters, instrument makers, &c., and finally order that from a certain date a formal musical pitch should be established for all England, and that all the military commanders must find means to provide for their bands instruments in accordance with that normal pitch; after, as a matter of course, all musical societies, orchestras of theatres, concerts, &c., and the instrument makers of all classes, must adopt without reserve this normal diapason.

To suggest that this or that society or orchestra should lower its pitch because it is rich enough to defray the expense is useless; indeed, the old privilege which orchestral musicians have of sending deputies—an evil which no conductor can entirely prevent—renders it impossible. There is also another weighty reason why it cannot be done, and this is that the opera

orchestras as well as other bands—the Crystal Palace band for instance—frequently play with military bands. Of course this could not be done as long as the military bands of London refrained from adopting the new pitch. A lowering of the pitch by extending the joints or prolonging the reeds of the wood instruments is impossible, as by making these instruments longer without a corresponding alteration in the dimensions of finger and key-holes, the necessary purity of intonation would be entirely destroyed—and surely nothing can be more objectionable in music than imperfect intonation.

The most practicable means of lowering the pitch would be to lower it a full half-tone. By doing this the new wind instruments necessary for an orchestra would be confined to flutes, piccolos, oboes, clarionets in A and C, and bassoons. The present A clarionets would become B flat clarionets. All the brass instruments could easily be altered by the addition of "shanks" or "crooks" for the ordinary trumpet and French horn, and a lengthening of the "tuning slide" of the whole family of piston instruments and trombones. Organ builders could without much trouble and expense convert all existing organs by removing the highest pipe and adding one of half a tone below the present lowest one, and of course then shift the present connection of keyboards and pipes half a tone upwards; and in cases where such alterations could not be effected at once, the organist might help himself by transposing his part half a tone lower. Military bands would merely have to purchase flutes, oboes, E flat and A clarionets and bassoons, provided they possess A clarionets (as is the case with the Coldstreams) to serve as B flat clarionets in future; and to make the slight alterations of tuning slides, "crooks," or "shanks," as pointed out above.

The question whether lowering a full half-tone is unadvisable, and whether it is too much or not enough, a committee of competent musicians could soon decide; not, however, ruled only by the scientific principles of musical doctors concerning the number of vibrations per second for a treble C, but more practically by a careful examination of the scores of great composers past and present.\* In the event of a full half-tone being adopted, the expense to musicians, musical societies, military bands, organ-builders, wood and brass instrument makers, would be reduced to its minimum, because, as already pointed out, most of the existing instruments could be utilized, and the material already shaped or finished off for instruments being made could be altered without important loss or trouble.

Having now stated my views as to what, to the best of my knowledge and practical experience, are the most essential points in connection with this important matter, I trust that all who are concerned will come forward and improve my plan and correct me where I am at fault, so that after fair and practical discussion we may arrive at a satisfactory result as speedily as possible.

Before concluding this long letter I must take courage to ask the following question: Would it not be possible for the many solo vocalists (on whose behalf this movement is chiefly set on foot) to assist their hard-worked and badly-paid orchestral brethren, by voluntary donations or a slight percentage on every engagement, in favour of a fund for the purchase of new instruments? Many very able instrumentalists earn little more than two or three pounds per week, and have to support their families respectably, and live and dress as gentlemen. A sudden outlay of from £20 to £50 will be an impossibility with many of them. The different conductors of operas and concerts might form themselves into a committee for receiving and disposing impartially of such funds. Every flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon player, in connection with the leading bands throughout England, who presented himself to this committee with an instrument of the new pitch, within the next six months, might through this fund be at least partly reimbursed, and thus induced to assist the movement willingly. The greatest exertion should be made to render the alteration general, as otherwise the mischief would almost be greater than the benefit to vocalists and the musical art, because the pitch would not alone differ in different orchestras, but a proper intonation would entirely be destroyed through the unavoidable mixture of new and old pitched wind instruments.—Your obedient servant,

Crystal Palace, Jan. 9th.

A. MANNS.

CHARMING Mlle. Nilsson has been prevailed upon by Mr. Mapleson to undertake to sing Ophelia in London, and is now studying the part in Italian. We are "so glad." For she can sing. Also, her delightful performance may direct English tastes towards the play whence her opera is taken, and some day—who knows—we may witness a good performance of *Hamlet*! Thus sweetly doth music become a patron of poetry.—*Punch*.

\* As an acoustic investigation is, nevertheless, of greater importance, I beg to call the attention of those professors who may wish to bring the results of their valuable science to bear upon the matter, to the fact that the new diapason normal in France is 435 vibrations per second to the "a" (second space in the G clef), while that of the Stuttgart Congress for the same note is 440 (a difference of 25, constituting nearly a semitone). In Paris, in 1788, it was only 409, but already risen in the Grand Opera to 449 in 1835, and nearly similarly so in Vienna and Berlin. In Petersburg it rose (from about 1771 to 1800), from 417 to the almost incredible height of 469, and went up even after that, until recently the diapason normal of France was adopted. This accounts, most likely, for the many low bass notes in Russian Church compositions, because their low D was but little lower than our present F.—*Vid. Gock's Mus. Les. "Kammerton."* [Mr. Manns is seemingly out in his arithmetic:—440-435=5.—*Ed. M. W.*]



## WHAT IS HE?

Whenever the great name of Abbé Franz Liszt appears in the majority of musical papers, observes a writer in our Berlin contemporary, the *Echo*, it is accompanied by numerous errors with regard to his present clerical character. He is sometimes designated the "Abt" (*Anglice*: "Abbot") Liszt; sometimes he is reported "to have been consecrated a priest;" sometimes "to have celebrated mass;" sometimes he is said to have assumed the clerical character "for the purpose of escaping a marriage," etc. The following facts may, perhaps, serve to cast a little light upon the matter. From the very earliest years of the Christian era, a benediction was pronounced on every one entering the service of the Church, however subordinate the position he might occupy. A distinction was made between consecration of a sacramental and consecration of a sacramentalistic character (*sacramentum* and *sacramentale*). This gave rise to the "higher" and "lower" or "minor" orders, as they are called. The "minor" orders were, and still are, with Roman Catholics, those of door-keeper, reader, exorciser, and acolyte. Before taking them, the candidate had to be admitted into the clerical body, which was done by his taking the tonsure, with which was combined the right of wearing the clerical costume, namely, the talar and alb. Liszt was, like any one else, able to enter the clerical body even without taking the four "minor" orders. Had he taken them, he could still marry, but not celebrate mass, or be what the Germans call an "Abt." Everyone, however, received into the clerical order by his adoption of the tonsure is called an "Abbé," or, in Italian, an "Abbate." In English the word "Abbot," and in German the word "Abt" (*Lat.* "Abbas") is employed to designate a regularly appointed head of a monastery belonging to certain orders. It is not all orders that have Abbots; the Jesuits, and the Mendicant Orders, as they are called, have none. Liszt is, therefore, simply an "Abbé," or "Abbate," but not a priest; he cannot celebrate mass; he *can*, his clerical character notwithstanding, marry; he is not an "Abbot" (*Germ.* "Abt."), and not even a member of any particular religious fraternity. It is true that he belongs to the Third Order, as it is called, of St. Francis of Assis, but this is not an order in the strict acceptance of the word, but simply a congregation or body of laymen. Why Liszt entered the clerical ranks, and thus became an "Abbé," is something we cannot tell the curious reader; perhaps he did so to propagate more easily his musical tendencies at Rome. At present he is said to devote his attention almost exclusively to church music. If the reader would know whether, without becoming a priest, Liszt could be made a cardinal, the answer is Yes, provided he takes the two highest orders of subdeacon and deacon. Thus Antonelli is Cardinal-Deacon, and to the question that has so frequently been put: Why has Antonelli never celebrated mass?—the reply is: Because he is not a priest, but only a deacon.

## REVIEWS.

*Metzler & Co.'s Part-Song Magazine.* Containing only original contributions by the most eminent modern composers. No. 6. *Solatium in Adversis*, composed by HENRY SMART. [London: Metzler & Co.]

MR. SMART's part-song is fluent, well written, and in every respect charming. Moreover, its easiness adapts it for popular use.

*Mandel's System of Music.* To be completed in five parts. Part II. Practical hints. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THE "practical hints" in this part of Mr. Mandel's work are such as should be known by every amateur of music. They are, moreover, expressed with admirable clearness, and copiously illustrated by music-type. The seven chapters of contents are thus headed:—1. The tonal system. 2. The compass of voices and instruments. 3. Transposition. 4. Intervals. 5. Time and beating time. 6. The score. 7. Ancient scales and keys. Without minutely discussing all that is advanced under these heads we may state generally that we know no other easily accessible work at once so sound, intelligible, and interesting. If the succeeding parts are equal to the one before us, Mr. Mandel will have made a worthy contribution to musical literature.

*Exeter Hall.* A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 12. [London: Metzler & Co.]

THIS number (which is prefaced by an engraving of Sebastian Bach's organ, and a *fac-simile* of his handwriting) is, on the whole, a fair one.

Signor Randegger's song, "Another year," has much of the grace which marks that gentleman's compositions; and the companion piece, "Leave all to God," by Francesco Berger, though somewhat too laboured for the subject, will find many admirers. The hymn tune by Mr G. A. Macfarren will, doubtless, be much criticized by those who object to a secular style in connection with religious words. Mr. Macfarren's music would be equally effective as a part-song of love, and, as some would aver, more in keeping. The pianoforte piece is a selection from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, arranged by Henry W. Goodban. We have an opinion that these short fragments strung together without meaning, and sometimes connected by irrelevant appoggios, have no value at all. But to the many who think differently, Mr. Goodban's work will, no doubt, be welcome. For the harmonium, a selection from one of Bach's masses, and an "Ave Maria," by Hérold, are given. This last department of the magazine is always interesting.

*The Organist's Quarterly Journal of Original Compositions.* Edited by WILLIAM SPARK, Mus. Doc., Organist of the Town Hall, Leeds, &c. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

DR. SPARK thus sets forth, in a modest preface, the *raison d'être* of his new venture:—

"Organ playing has, undoubtedly, greatly increased and also considerably changed its character in England and France within the present century. The cause is chiefly to be attributed, first, to the almost universal adoption of a pedal key-board, and, second, to the introduction into large organs of imitative orchestral instruments, as well as large 'swells,' from which may be obtained an increasing or diminishing tone, varying in intensity with the number of stops, as well as the size and construction of the 'box' having opening and closing shutters. These facilities gave a greater scope and inducement to the performers, and one consequence was, the production of numerous 'arrangements'—good, bad, and indifferent—of orchestral pieces; and, whilst very much might be adduced in their favour when 'arranged' and played by a skilful organist on an instrument possessing the necessary *matériel*, there can be no doubt that numbers of young organists have been led astray by this style, and become alienated from their true allegiance to the more solid and sublime inspirations of Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn, whose organ compositions require for their proper performance not only dignity of style, but manipulation of the highest order, and, above all, a feeling heart and cultivated mind. Yet to confine ourselves to the organ works of these masters, would be (especially with those who have to give frequent public solo performances) to limit our resources within a narrow compass. It is true many English organists have tried their 'prentice hands at organ composition, but how few have succeeded! Either the style has been commonplace and even flippant, or its manufactured, uninteresting, unmelodious, uninspired character, has secured for it an early oblivion. The best modern French organ music, though often light and fraught with repetition, is seldom or never dull and uninteresting, but melodious and full of life and spirit. Much of the present German organ music of the day is, on the other hand, solid enough—perhaps rather too solid for general use and acceptance."

The editor has set himself to obviate the necessity for adaptations and arrangements by presenting his subscribers with music written for the organ in various styles by English and foreign composers. The task is an honourable one, and needs doing; so we wish him success. As regards the first number now before us, we think Dr. Spark's half-expressed feeling that its contents are too difficult quite justified. Most of the pieces could only be well played, in their entirety, by organists of more than average efficiency. We are told that this will not be the case in future numbers, and are glad to hear it, for the sake of all parties. Dr. Spark would do well to present with each issue at least two compositions which shall not tax heavily the resources of ordinary players. Apart from their difficulty, there is little fault to be found with the works before us. They are varied in style, but each of its kind is a meritorious thing. Mr. Silas's *andante* we like much, all the more because the *piu animato* can be omitted without injury. The rest is dignified and well-made organ music of the most genuine type. M. Batiste's *Larghetto* "Communion" will find admirers among disciples of the French school; but far more to our taste is Mr. Henry Smart's Postlude, a composition entirely worthy of that distinguished writer for the organ. Herr Funke's *Andante grazioso*, if it cannot claim the merit of originality, may claim something else; and Dr. Stewart's Concert-Fantasia, as an example of modern show-writing, leaves little to be desired. On the whole, the Journal starts well, and a good beginning is a good thing.

A new scene, "Medea," by Signor Randegger, had a great success at the last Gewandhaus Concert. It was unanimously encored, and we hear that Herren Ferdinand David and Reinecke so highly approved the work that the directors have requested Signor Randegger to write either a *suite* or a symphony at his pleasure. Madame Rudersdorff was the singer, concerning whom we may state here that she had the honour of a special invitation to the palace of the Crown Princess, who received her most graciously.

## MUNICH.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Oratorio Association have given a very good performance of Handel's *Belshazzar* under the direction of Professor Rheinberger.—Mdlle. Theresse Liebe, a fair violinist from Paris, has been playing with decided success at the Theatre-Royal.—The first part of the programme of the second Odeon Concert, under the direction of Dr. Hans von Bülow, contained no piece that was not a novelty for this capital. The pieces were: Overture to *Struensee*, Meyerbeer; Air from the oratorio, *Hercules*, Handel; Concerto for Violoncello, Rubinstein; Canzonet, Mozart; and "Des Sängers Fluch," ballad for full band (after Uhland's poem of the same name), Hans von Bülow. The second part of the concert consisted exclusively of Mendelssohn's Symphony, No. 3, in A minor.—The musical public here is divided into two parties, the relative position of which is gradually becoming distinctly defined. The demonstrations made in honour of Herr Franz Lachner, the General Music-Director, after his long absence, have proved pretty clearly to the disciples of the new school, that they have to rely solely and wholly for support upon the influence exerted by their kingly Mæcenæas. For the present, however, Herr Richard Wagner reigns supreme at the Opera, and even the approaching production of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, as arranged by the said Maestro of the Future, is simply a fact tending "ad majorem dei gloriam." Anywhere else, people do not require Gluck to be arranged by Herr Richard Wagner; they are quite content to take him as he is.—Mdlle. Gung'l, a daughter of the well-known composer of dance music, has made her first appearance on the stage as Senta in *Der fliegende Holländer*, and met with gratifying success. The young lady cannot boast of any very great natural powers, but she makes the most of those she possesses, and promises to become a favourite. *Tristan and Isolde* is to be revived ere long. It is a remarkable circumstance that this opera has never got beyond Munich, though both Carlsruhe and Vienna made, at one time, signs of producing it; but, if they were really serious, they never carried out their intention. A no less remarkable fact is the continued delay manifested at other places in bringing out *Die Meistersinger*, the difficulties in which are nothing compared to those in *Tristan and Isolde*. As already stated, this last opera is to be shortly revived here, with Mdlle. Seehofer as the heroine. Mdlle. Seehofer is a young lady who, after creating a *furor* in the concert-room, approached, on the stage, as near as possible to a *fiasco* in the part of Rêzia, and who, consequently, had some operation or other performed on her larynx. The operation is said to have been successful. Herr Bachmann will sustain the part of Tristan, and Herr Betz, from Berlin, that of Kurwenal.—The programme of the third subscription Concert given by the Musical Academy afforded an interesting illustration of the development of the Symphony. It began with J. S. Bach's Orchestral Suite in D major; then came Haydn's "La Reine" Symphony; this was followed by Mozart's Symphony in E flat; while Beethoven's Symphony in F major, No. 8, concluded the list.

K.

## THE FAILURE OF BELLINI'S NORMA.

How many erroneous decisions have been pronounced on lyrical works not comprehended at their first production! A proof of this is afforded by the following letter, written by Bellini to his friend Florimo, on the 26th December, 1831, after the unequivocal condemnation of *Norma*, at Milan; it is extracted from M. Arthur Pougin's book, *Bellini, sa vie, ses œuvres* :—

"MY DEAREST FLORIMO,—I write to you under the influence of sorrow, of bitter sorrow, which I cannot express, but which you will understand. I have come from the Scala.

"First representation of *Norma*!

"Would you believe it? *Fiasco*! *Fiasco*! a solemn *fiasco*!

"To tell you the truth, the public were severe; they really seemed to have come on purpose to judge and to condemn me, and that, too, precipitately (at least, I think so); they inflicted upon my poor *Norma* the fate of the druidess herself.

"I did not recognize again those dear Milanese who received with so much enthusiasm, with delight in their faces, and ardour in their hearts, *Il Pirata*, *La Straniera*, and *La Sonnambula*; yet, I thought that in *Norma* I was presenting them with a sister worthy the former works. But, unfortunately, such has not been the case; I was mistaken and made a blunder; my prognostics were false, and my hopes have been disappointed. Well, now, notwithstanding everything—I am speaking to you alone, and with my heart on my lips, if, indeed, my feelings do not run away with me—the introduction, *Norma's* cavatina, the duet of the two women with the trio which follows, the *finale* of the first act, then the other duet of the two women, and the entire *finale* of the second act, which commences with the war-song, are such pieces of music, and please me so (modestly!) that I confess to you that I

should be happy if I could always write others like them in the course of my artistic life. *Besa.*

"For theatrical works, the public are the supreme judges. Yet I calculate on appealing from the verdict they have given against me, and, if they ever change their views, I shall have won the day, and shall then proclaim *Norma* the best of my operas; if not, I shall submit to my sad fate, and console myself by saying: "Did not the people of Rome hiss the *Olympiade* of the divine Pergolese?"

"I leave by the mail, and hope to reach Naples before this letter. But one of the two, I or the letter, will acquaint you with the fate of my poor hissed *Norma*. Do not grieve too much about it, my good Florimo. I am young, and feel in my soul the power of avenging myself for this terrible fall."

Is not this desire of Bellini's, says the *Guide Musical*, at the moment he was so grieved himself, not to afflict his friend too deeply, a touching trait. How many evenings of triumph were destined to console him for the unlucky issue of the first performance, and how many *chefs d'œuvre* have, on their production, been, like *Norma*, wrongly judged by the public and the press?

## Shaber Silber across Théodore at the Châtelet.

On the very evening when the anniversary of Racine's birthday was celebrated at the Théâtre Français by the performance of two plays written by the most classic of French poets, the Théâtre Impérial du Châtelet was distinguished by the production of a drama of the extremely unclassical kind, and that nothing should be wanting to the solemnity of the occasion, the principal part was sustained by the veteran tragedian, Beauvallet. This drama, which is entitled *Théodoros*, and is based on the story of the very rascally King of Abyssinia, has been expected for weeks, and reports of its progress have been inserted in the Parisian papers with a frequency emulating that of the appearance of bulletins in the case of an illustrious invalid. And that progress has been singular enough, inasmuch as in his career from infancy to maturity the mimic king has passed through the hands of several authors. M. Bricebanc began the play in conjunction with M. Ernest Blum, but soon retired to leave room for M. Henri Rochefort, who in his turn retreated to Brussels for reasons connected with *La Lanterne*. The well-known M. Théodore Barrière then became head of the firm, bringing with him M. Beauvallet, and under his auspices the play was finished. The serious interest of the piece is centred in the wife and daughter of the "Pasteur Butler," and there is a view of Hyde Park, in which is shown an indignation meeting of the English people, who loudly shout for the forcible delivery of the Abyssinian prisoners. Their story is carried through a series of "spectacular" effects, terminating with the destruction of Magdala and the death of "Théodoros," the historical portion of the work being relieved by an underplot of the domestic kind, the chief personage in which is a worthy Frenchman, who refrains from seducing a married woman, in consideration of the fact that her husband, an Englishman, has saved his life. But far more attractive than either plot or underplot is the *Ballet des Charmes*, in which, after a number of young ladies have danced for a while round a basket of roses, Mdlle. Montero, the "charmeuse" *par excellence*, steps forth, and from the flowery bed coaxes forth a real snake, which twines round her neck and arms, and which she is supposed to fascinate. The worth of the snake seems to be duly estimated. During the daytime, that it may be preserved from cold, it is kept in an elegant cage, which is provided with moss, water, and milk, and covered with a piece of flannel, is placed in the middle of the workroom occupied by the costumiers. If report be true, theatrical training has cured the snake of its original sins, so that it has refused to touch two frogs placed in its vicinity, and has preferred an innocent banquet of milk. Who shall doubt the civilizing power of the French stage if this report be true?

It is said that if M. Rochefort had completed *Théodoros* the piece would have been of a totally different kind. The future king would have been shown at the commencement of his career, selling "couscous" in the streets of Paris, and meeting a French mountebank, who would have proposed to instruct him in European civilization. On the ascent of the adventurer to the throne, gained by a number of paltry artifices, the jewels used at his coronation would have consisted of what we should call "Brummagem" trinkets. The satirical piece would doubtless have been much more clever than the spectacle now presented at the Châtelet, but we may doubt whether it would have so well answered its purpose.

Shaber Silber.

THE "Reformation Symphony" will be played at the Crystal Palace to-day, and also Beethoven's violin concerto. Herr Joachim makes his first appearance for the season.

## LUDWIG SPOHR ON DIVERS MATTERS.\*

"I had, therefore, every reason to be perfectly satisfied with my reception as a professional man in Vienna. In private circles, where I met not only the violinists already mentioned, but also the most distinguished one belonging to this capital, namely, Herr Mayseder, and where I had to compete with them all, my efforts found the same especial appreciation and attention as elsewhere. There was always a discussion as to who should begin, for every one wanted to be the last, in order to eclipse those who had preceded him. As for myself, however, being, as a rule, far more fond of playing in a sterling quartet than performing a solo, I never refused to begin, and, by my own peculiar mode of reading and executing the classical quartets, always managed to command the appreciation and attention of the company. When each of the others had ridden his particular hobby, I remarked that the company were more partial to such compositions than to classical music, so I selected, at the end, one of my difficult and brilliant *Potpourris*, and generally succeeded in surpassing my predecessors even in *bravura* of execution.

"At these frequent opportunities which I enjoyed of hearing Rode, I became more and more convinced that he was no longer the perfect violinist of former days. From the constant repetition of the same compositions over and over again, a mannerism, bordering upon caricature, had gradually wormed its way into his style of play. I had the effrontery to hint this, by asking him if he had altogether forgotten how he played his compositions ten years previously. Nay, I carried my impertinence to such a pitch, as to open the Variations in G major, and to say I would play them for him exactly as I had heard them played by him ten years before. After I had finished, the company burst out in expressions of great delight, and Rode, himself, for the sake of appearances, was obliged to bestow a bravo on me; but it was evident that he felt hurt at my want of delicacy. He was quite right. I was soon ashamed of what I had done, and mention the occurrence now only to show what confidence I then had in my powers as a violinist."

Mayseder, like his master, Schuppanzigh, was a most admirable quartet-player, as has been already mentioned. But the quartets he composed himself have been consigned to oblivion—in the opinion of the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*—very undeservedly, "a fact which," according to that journal, "would soon be proved if any one of the many Quartet-Associations existing in large and small towns would condescend to perform his Quartet in D major, or his Quintet in E flat. Just in the same way"—adds our contemporary—"a concert-giving violinist might produce a greater effect with Mayseder's variations, celebrated in their time, on the theme (I cannot now recollect the key †):—



—variations which Spohr, too, was fond of playing at *soirées*, than with a great deal of figure and trill display à la *Tartini*, provided they were performed with Mayseder's tone and delicacy of expression."

In the years 1814-1820, the concerts of chamber-music, given by Mayseder, at Vienna, with Hummel, and also with Moscheles, were invariably well attended, and known by the name of the "Ducat-Concerts."

Since reference has been made to the Vienna of the time of the Congress, an interesting anecdote, also taken from Spohr's *Autobiography* (p. 215), concerning an opera of that period, the music of which was by Hummel, may not be out of place:—

"In addition to Mozart's two operas (*Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte*) a third, a new national opera, the music by Hummel, achieved a long run, thanks to a strange circumstance, such as will, probably, never occur again. It was called *Die Prinzessin Ezelshaut* (*Princess Donkey's skin*), and as far as concerned the libretto, was so wretched a piece of patchwork, that, despite the pleasing music, five or six pieces of which were greatly applauded, it was, at the conclusion unanimously damned. In consequence of this, and in conformity to the Vienna custom, it was shelved. Hummel conducted, and said, quite resignedly, to myself, who, out of respect for him, led, 'That is something else on which all my work is thrown away.' The following evening, another piece was to be put up, but, on account of the illness of several members both of the operatic and of the dramatic company, it was impossible to select one, and the management was, therefore, compelled, even at the risk of a disturbance in the theatre, to repeat the opera. Precisely on account of the expected disturbance, the theatre was very full at night, and the piece was again hissed after each act, and at the conclusion. The music, however, was more applauded than on the first night, and, after the hissing had ceased, at the conclusion of the piece, the composer was even called for and applauded. As the disposition of the invalid artists still continued, it was necessary to hazard a third trial, which went off pretty much in the same way as the preceding one. But the opposition to the piece itself was less, while the music gained still more admirers. The management was now able to go on with it quietly, and, at the few following representations, there was always a tolerable number of fresh spectators. At last, it became the fashion to go to

the theatre, abuse the piece, and praise the music. Hummel quickly profited by the circumstance, and published a pianoforte selection of the most popular pieces. The selection went off rapidly. Thus his work was, after all, not thrown away, as he had feared it would be, on the first night."

"Pixis"—we are reminded by the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—"was not so fortunate with his opera of *Der Zauberspruch*. This was sacrificed to the worthlessness of the libretto, and not even the music, though containing some very excellent pieces, could keep it above water." *Der Zauberspruch* furnished occasion for a genuine piece of Viennese wit. A friend of the composer, who had not been able to attend the first performance, asked some one who had been present, "Well, what do they say of the opera by Pixis?" "Nix is" ("It is nothing") was the reply.

*Apropos* of Mayseder, a correspondent (whose authority is unimpeachable) writes:—"Neither Ernst, nor Joachim, was ever Mayseder's pupil. The master of these illustrious fiddlers was Joseph Behm, professor at the Conservatorium in Vienna. *Vieuxtemps* studied under De Beriot, and Laub was a pupil in the Conservatorium of Prague, where Herr Mildner is professor. Whether they had also lessons from Mayseder (I mean *Vieuxtemps* and Laub), I am unable to say; but I strongly apprehend not. *Voilà que d'un seul coup j'enlève beaucoup de gloire à Mayseder. Mais cédez [Mayseder] à la vérité avant tout.*"

## W A I F S.

Onalow's Symphony in D minor has been added to the repertory of the Chapel Royal, Berlin.

Mr. Vernon Rigby has been engaged for six performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Liszt's oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*, is proposed for performance in Vienna, under the composer's direction.

Offenbach's latest Parisian success, *La Périchole*, is now in active preparation at Pike's Opera-house.

M. Georges Hainl has succeeded M. Tilmant as *chef d'orchestre* in the Imperial Chapel and director of the Court Concerts.

Madame Parepa-Rosa is said to have realized for forty-nine performances on the Pacific coast, seventy-eight thousand dollars.

Madame Rudersdorff is engaged to sing in *Elijah* at Berlin, on the 4th November next, the anniversary of Mendelssohn's death.

Mr. John Thomas, the harpist, leaves for Italy this day on a professional tour. He will be absent for three months.

Mr. N. Ludlow, the St. Louis theatrical manager, has become bankrupt; he owed Mrs. Fanny Kemble 5,000 dollars, and Charlotteushman, 5,000.

The members of the Westbourne Society will give an evening full dress *soirée* on the 25th inst., at the Architectural Gallery, Conduit Street, under the direction of Madame Leupold.

M. Padeloup's latest programme was this:—Overture in E major (*Fidelio*), Beethoven; Symphony in B flat (Op. 20), Gade; *Andante*, Haydn; Polonaise from *Struensee*, Meyerbeer; March from *Lohengrin*, Wagner; Overture (*Der Freischütz*), Weber.

Our bumptious little contemporary, the *Musical Standard*, has lately shown that it can detect a writer's inadvertence or a compositor's freak. But our bumptious little contemporary forgets that it once muddled the paragraphs of a leader. Nobody complained, it is true, probably because the difference in sense was not material.

The Vienna journals give a curious will left by a rich eccentric octogenarian named Stanislas Poltzmary, who lately died on his property near Pesth. After bequeathing pensions to all his old servants, and alms to the poor, he sets down an extraordinary clause instituting as his universal legatee M. François Lotz, Hungarian by origin, and a notary by occupation in a little town near Vienna. But the testator annexes one condition:—"My property," he wrote, "will belong to M. Lotz when he shall have sung either at La Scala in Milan or the San Carlo in Naples, the parts of Otello, in the opera of that name, and that of Elvino in the *Sonnambula*. I do not dispose of my wealth in this manner for the sake of being thought an original, but having been present four years ago at an evening party in Vienna, I heard this gentleman sing a cavatina from each of those operas with a beautiful tenor voice. Therefore, I believe him likely to become an excellent artist. In any case, if the public hisses him, he can console himself easily with three millions of florins (£300,000), which I leave him." N. Lotz is at Naples for the last month, preparing to carry out the wishes of the deceased. The notary is not forty, has a well-turned voice, and works night and day to learn as quickly as possible the two parts with their pronunciation and singing. He will probably make a *fiasco*, but the property is well worth the hazard.

\* *Selbst-Biographie.*

† The original key was A.—Ed. M. W.



The following notice has been issued by the Direction of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Karlsruhe:—"The members of the Grand Ducal Theatre are prohibited from responding to an encore or a recall during the acts, in order to avoid the frequent interruptions resulting from that abuse. The public is also prayed to restrain its enthusiasm, and not to recall the artists but at the end of an act, or, better, at the end of a representation." This is a capital innovation, the first impulse to which, so says *Le Menestrel*, was given by Mr. Sims Reeves. Let us hope that some day the reform will reach the country whence it emanated.

The *Continental Review* says:—

"Comtesse Pepoli (M<sup>me</sup>. Alboni) has inaugurated her Monday evening receptions this week, and her opening *soirée* was very brilliantly attended. Among her distinguished guests were M<sup>me</sup>. Conneau and M<sup>me</sup>. Bemberg, formerly her pupils, and many other artistic celebrities. The great topic of conversation was the Italian concert, which is announced for the 15th, at the Conservatoire, and for which the price of admission has been reduced to 25fr. Bottesini will play, and the Comtesse, who made a vow on Rossini's grave never to sing 'but for the poor,' has promised the duet from his *Stabat Mater*, and an air from *Semiramide*."

STUTTGART.—There was a great disturbance at the last Subscription Concert given by the Royal Chapel, under the direction of Herr Abert. The prelude to *Tristan und Isolde* had been included in the programme, but no sooner did the performance of it commence than the audience indulged in such lively manifestations of disapprobation as completely to scandalize the Court, who were present, and frighten Herr Abert and his musicians out of their seven senses. The King has since ordered that no more such "demonstrationsmusik" shall be included in the programmes of these concerts. What will his neighbouring Majesty of Munich say?—Herr Stockhausen, who never before visited this capital, has been singing with great success at the Liederhalle.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

F. PITMAN.—"A man's a man," "England," "Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear"—songs, composed by A. T. Teetgen.  
BOOSEY & Co.—"I'm proud to be an Englishman," song, by G. R. Kempe.  
LONGMANS & Co.—"The Life of Franz Schubert," translated from the German by Arthur Duke Coleridge, M.A.  
METZLER & Co.—"Exeter Hall Magazine" for January. "Part-song Magazine," No. 6.  
NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—First Grand Sonata, quasi una fantasia, for the Pianoforte; and Three Pieces for the Pianoforte—composed by Jesse Minns. "Dear is my native vale," "Remember now Thy Creator," "To-morrow"—songs, by Jesse Minns.

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